Eng. Poetry vol. 42.

ODE

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

The PRINCESS DOWAGER of WALES;

WITH A COPY OF THE

ETHIC AMUSEMENTS.

MOST HUMBLY PRESENTED

By the EDITOR.

I.

MOTHER of GEORGE!—an awful name,
Which late poſterity ſhall bleſs,
When grateful BRITAIN ſhall enquire of Fame,
The ſource of all her happineſs;
And thro' a long illuſtrious Race,
Backward to thee the various Virtues trace.—

Ah,

II.

Ah, deign, all-gracious! to receive,
(*Reſpect* can render trifles dear)
Nor more the rich, nor more the great can give —
An offering from a heart ſincere:
To Heav'n, alike accepted, come
The ſingle heifer, and the hecatomb.

III.

Inſolvent e'en in thanks till now,
The Muſe would vindicate her right
To pay — 'tis all her feeble pow'rs allow,
One humble, tributary mite.
May that her *fealty* record!
And *thy* acceptance bland becomes her beſt reward.

IV.

If aught of moral good, or fair;
If aught that dignifies man's breaſt,
Aright her imitative page declare;
And all AUGUSTA ſtands confeſt:
To HER thoſe happier lines of right belong,
For who inſpires the Bard, perforce muſt take the Song.

V.

And thou, old THAMES! whoſe ſacred ſtream,
Calm, clear, majeſtically deep,
Reſembles beſt my heart enobling theme,
Say, as I trod thy flow'ry ſteep,
Did e'er ambition on my ſoul intrude,
Save to evince my FAITH, and glowing GRATITUDE?

VI.

Enough for me, in ſome retreat,
Unheeded by the public eye,
To ſteal thro' life with noiſeleſs pace, and eat
My bread with peace and privacy;
Appeaſe each hope, and fears tumultuous ſtrife,
And read my duty in my SOVRAN's Life.

DANIEL BELLAMY, Junior.

KEW, *May* 10, 1768.

V.